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THE COLUMBUS CELEBRATION.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price Ten Cents.



A WIFE'S ESCAPE.

MRS. DICKSON'S LOVE FOR A DASHING ENGLISHMAN RESULTS IN A SCANDAL IN WASHINGTON, D. C., SOCIETY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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WE CELEBRATE.

The immortal spirit of C. Columbus, Esq.,
navigator and discoverer, must have been
proud indeed when it gazed down upon the
great demonstrations in New York last week in
honor of the discovery of America, the land of
the Star Spangled Banner and other glorious
things. Had Columbus kept pace with the
times he certainly did what thousands of us
poor mortals did—celebrated. But three days
of such wonderful parades, pageants, fireworks
and general jollification, must have caused the
old gentleman's head to swim, and if he is still
afflicted with the weaknesses of mankind, he is
suffering from an enlargement of the cranium.
But we have Columbus hats to fit any head,
Columbus beer, Columbus cocktails and other
soul-inspiring concoctions guaranteed to warm
the spirit of an iceberg, all of which we respect-
fully recommend to the great discoverer.

It was a great gala week for Gotham. Over
one million visitors came here to see a celebra-
tion such as only New York can give. No other
city in the world could have furnished pleasure
seekers with such wonderful sights and such
keen enjoyment. The military parade was the
biggest ever seen, the pageant the most beau-
tiful, the fireworks the grandest, the police the
finest and the city itself the most glorious on
earth. What more could the visitors ask for or
even dream of? Nothing. They were bewildered
by the brilliant colored decorations, amazed at
the crowds that blocked the streets, simply par-
alyzed by the mammoth parades and pageants,
speechless over the grand pyrotechnic displays
and completely knocked silly by the pretty
girls of Gotham.

We did ourselves proud. Hurrah for Colum-
bus!

MASKS AND FACES.

Columbus and Cavorters—
Saucy Skirted Sirens.

EBERT'S ECCENTRIC ESSAY.

Hanley's Hilarious Histrions—
Hook and Hood.

BALLERINAS AND BEAUTIES.

I'm afraid Columbus, a gentleman very much in
fashion just now, would have been mightily shocked
at the antics of the devilish and décolleté dancers,
at present so chipper and forward in the metropolis.

They gyrate, cavort, distort, pirouette, toe, taper,
titillate in the most abandoned and unchecked way.

Paris and London used to have the monopoly of
naughty merriment.

New York is coming pretty close to having a monop-
oly now.

Such rehearsals daily! Such hosts of applicants for
salatorial honors! Such skirt dancers! Such shadow



dancers! Such poor salaries for the extra girls, such
big salaries for the premiers!

Meanwhile Jefferson, in "Rip Van Winkle," is at the
Star; Drew, in "The Masked Ball," draws well at Pal-
mer's; Modjeska bores her audiences in "Henry VIII." at
the Garden, and Henry Guy Carleton, in his pro-
duction "Ye Karlle Trouble," has written one of the
best plays covering the American Revolution that I
have ever seen.

Aranson does so-so with variety at the Casino; Kos-
ter and Bial are way in it at their house, and Tony
Pastor is raking in the shekels as usual. John T. Mc-
Donough tells me the new Imperial Music Hall will
offer first-class attractions. Archie Ellis and Sam
Cooper whoop things up at the New Park Theatre.

Manager Mart Hanley, of Harrigan's, recently re-
turned from Europe, brought back with him several
of these famous birds of English breed, such as
Shakespeare once wrote of. They were intended for
"Squatter Sovereignty," and a curious fact about
these roosters (as they are generally called in America)
is that, like human beings, they are more or less
the creatures of habit; and as Ireland sees the sun rise
six hours earlier than it rises in America, the Irish
birds, true to the land of their nativity, begin to crow
several hours earlier than the time they are required
to make themselves heard in "Squatter Sovereignty,"
and so they "give away the cue." By-and-bye, how-
ever, they will get used to New York time, and crow
when they ought to. Hanley says he saw some of the
original stock in Temple Moore.

"The early village cock, the herald of the morn,"
exclaims the "Sweet Swan of Avon," many a time
awakened from her gentle slumbers the lovely maid
of Killarney, Kate Kearney, and she answered the
salutation with a blithe some carol that set the echoes
ringing through the vale. A well-founded tradition
has it, indeed, that the gamecocks of Killarney owe
much of their high spirit to the care of bright Kate,
who bred them so well.

On the banks of Killarney
There lived a sweet maid,
And her name was Kate Kearney.
From the glance of her eye
Shun danger, and fly!

Augustin Daly is playing Rehan in "Little Miss Mil-
lion," a comedy adapted from Blumenthal. It's light
in texture, but well acted. Adelaide Prince is a
beauty; Jimmy Lewis isn't, but he's clever. Arthur
Bourchier, the new leading man, is a good actor. I
don't see why a manager of Daly's brains casts Miss
Rehan for parts requiring schoolgirlish juvenility.
Miss Rehan now has a pair of arms like a lady at the
Halles de Paris, and she doesn't look or act the school
miss a little bit. That part could be played by Isabella
Irving or Percy Haaswell. Rehan is too stout and too
mature for it.

Frank Ebert, the little actor of the Lilliputians, now
at the Union Square, has written his impressions of
men, women and things in America.

"In St. Louis, while visiting one of the big breweries,
I fell into one of the great beer tanks. Luckily there
wasn't much beer left in it, and thanks to my genuine
Teutonic thirst, I managed to swallow enough of the

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malty moisture to save myself from a beery grave. I
have hunted on the prairies, have fished on the Sound,
and was nearly pulled into the water by a twelve-
pound flounder. In Venice I sailed in gondolas, in
Stockholm I saw educated seals, in Moscow I wore
heavy furs, and in Los Angeles my only vestment was
a linen shirt.

"But never in my life did I lose the best of all earth-
ly treasures, and that is my good humor. Once only



I came very near losing it, though. It happened in
Denver. I was sitting at the supper table with my
colleagues, after the performance, when a burly and
coarse-looking man entered, and in loud and impu-
dent tones asked to speak to me. He was tipsy, too,
and when he saw that I was in no particular hurry to
reply to his questions, he said: "You ninny, I'll put
you in my pocket!"

"In that case you would have more sense in your
pocket than in your head," was my reply.

"This was the only time, I think, that anybody was
impolite to me, especially here in America, where I
am perfectly idolized. The greatest art of a person in
my position is not to become too grandiloquent, and I
hope that my natural smallness will prevent me from
becoming so."

Amberg, Mansfield and Von Raven have the great
Emil Thomas, a fine comedian every inch of him, at
Amberg's Theatre again. The company is first-class;
the repertory amusing.

I like to read about old actors occasionally. The
other day I ran across this yarn:

Theodore Hook, the celebrated humorist, with his
famous rival, Tom Hood, was strolling one summer
evening on the outskirts of London with their friend
Charles Mathews, the great actor, when Hood said to
Hook:

"They call us 'The Inseparables'; but, after all, it's
only natural that Hook-and-eye should always be to-
gether—eh, Theo?"

"Bravo, Tom," cried Hook, "that's the best I've
heard for a long time! I say, suppose we have a
match which of us two can make the best joke on the
spur of the moment? Charlie Mathews here shall be
umpire, and the loser shall stand treat for a supper
for three."

"Done!" said Hood, and seaward was the word
uttered when they espied a sign-board, the owner of



which, wishing to advertise that he sold beer, had un-
luckily worded the announcement, "Bear sold here."

"Oho," said Hook, "I suppose that bear is his own
bruin!"

"Well done!" cried Charles Mathews. "You'll have
hard work to beat that, friend Thomas."

"I dare say he will do it, though," said Theodore;
"he carries more than two faces under one Hood,
don't you, Tom?"

At that moment they turned a sharp corner, and
came in sight of a small, tumble-down house stand-
ing in the midst of a wretched little plot of worn and
trampled grass, just in front of which was displayed
a huge board with the inscription, "Beware the dog."



Hood looked warily around him in all directions,
and, finding no dog anywhere visible, picked up a
broken piece of brick and scribbled underneath the
warning, "Ware be the dog?"

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, my boys," said Charles
Mathews, "I can't decide between two such jokes as
those, and, what's more, I'm not going to try; so we

had better all go and sup together, and each pay his
own share."

I spy on Broadway, nowadays—by the way, I've
started a weekly cartoon paper of my own which I call
"Broadway"—such pretty girls as Queen Vassar, Ger-
aldine McCann, Mabel Potter, Olive Oliver, Maude
Adams, Jane Stewart, Pauline Hall, Louise Beudet,
Belle Hartz, Mabel Stephenson and Maud Durbin.
They look great in their autumnal toggery, and they
look as though they knew a thing or two.

As Felix McGlennon makes them sing:

Boys, don't you think you're very spy,
And you know a thing or two? yes, you do!
Boys, don't you think you're mighty sly,
And you know a thing or two? yes, you do!
About your doings with the girls you boast,
Loudly brag that you've made fools of quite a host,
But I rather fancy you get fooled the most,
For we know a thing or two—yes, we do!

Boys, when a pretty girl you meet,
You know a thing or two—yes, you do!
Then how you rattle your loose cash,
For you know a thing or two—yes, you do!



To meet a girl you dress up fine and neat,
You make your conversation very sweet,
But all the time she knows you for a cheat,
Girls know a thing or two—yes, they do!

CHORUS.

But we know a thing or two—yes, we do!
Though you tell us fairy tales, just a few I
You're artful and you're sly, but you're love is "all my eye,"
For we know a thing or two—yes, we do!

Leo Rosen

A WRONGED HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

M. F. Boyd, Tax Receiver of Floyd County, Ga., re-
cently fatally stabbed Walker Mitchell, another prom-
inent citizen. Mitchell and Mrs. Boyd were caught in
bed in the Tax Receiver's room, as the result of a trap
set by Boyd, who suspected them.

Boyd told his wife he was going away, but shortly
after noon he returned home. He is a cripple and
rolls himself about in a chair. He told his negro as-
sistant to roll his chair into the room and then retire
and lock the door. This was done, and Boyd quietly
rolled his chair to the bed and with a keen pocket-
knife stabbed Mitchell many times before either he or
Mrs. Boyd awoke. They were both intoxicated with
wine.

Boyd went to Rome with his wife and gave himself
up. He also swore out a warrant against her for adul-
tery. She is now in jail.

Mitchell is a married man of good family and a part
owner in a steamboat line. He is still alive but cannot
live. Mrs. Boyd is of good family, but has always had
the reputation of being gay and fond of wine and a
lark.

SHOT HER RIVAL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Maggie Purvis, a woman of notorious character, was
standing in front of Bud Wright's saloon, in Craig's,
a small place about four miles from Owensville, Ky.,
talking to Henry Tinscher, keeper of the County Poor
House, when Lizzie Thompson, a former inmate of the
institution, stepped up to the two and demanded that
Tinscher go with her. She repeated her request twice
and receiving no answer, drew a revolver and shot
the Purvis woman through the breast, making a wound
from which she died some hours later. The murder-
ess was arrested. She is about eighteen years of age
and handsome. Her downfall occurred some two
years since.

MURDERED BY BURGLARS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

At Sublette, Mo., one afternoon recently, Josie Sim-
mons, a girl of 18, was murdered by thieves. Her
mother had gone to St. Louis early in the day, and,
returning about 5 P. M., found her daughter lying on
the floor of the front room of the house with her
throat cut from ear to ear. The house had been liter-
ally torn inside out by the criminals, who, to conceal
their thefts or a worse crime, murdered the only mem-
ber of the family at home. Six detectives were de-
tailed on the case.

SAM GRANT, MIDDLE-WEIGHT PUGILIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Sam Grant, the famous colored middle-weight pug-
ilist, whose portrait appears in this issue of the
POLICE GAZETTE, is well known in sporting circles.
Grant has fought numerous battles in the prize ring,
and holds the title of champion of Indiana. Grant
writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he will fight any
colored middle-weight in America, and man and
money can be found in Lafayette, Ind.

MANAGER FRED MORTIMER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Fred Mortimer, a portrait of whom we present on
another page, is proprietor and manager of Mortim-
er's Theatre, a well-known and popular little show
house in Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Mortimer has been in
the theatrical business since a boy and is much
thought of in the profession.

The Trade is supplied direct from
this office with all numbers of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES.
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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

The Rapid Downfall of a Southern Belle.

COLLEGE GIRLS' ESCAPE.

A Woman Runs Nude in a Graveyard.

DEATH RATHER THAN DIVORCE



HE usually quiet little hamlet of Bethany, W. Va., was thrown into great excitement on the night of Oct. 8 by an unexpected incident. The facts in the case are substantially as follows: A member of one of the fraternities, having transgressed one of those unwritten laws among college students, brought on himself the penalty

of a nocturnal stroll of about five miles over the hills and through the valleys, concluded with a cold dip in the treacherous Buffalo, a stream flowing near the town.

The fraternity of which this student is a member has about a dozen sympathizers among the young lady students. Although this was a well-known fact, no one supposed that their enthusiasm would carry them very far.

About midnight on the above date one of the young ladies, being awakened by the shouting of some students in the town and supposing that her brother was being kangarooed, roused as many of her sisters as she could by pounding on their doors. In an instant her cries and frantic pounding were answered by the occupants, who poured forth pell-mell in every kind of "decollete." With streaming robes and flying hair they rushed down the hill to the rescue from their dormitories to the supposed scene of action, which their leader concluded was on the creek bank. In their wild rush one of the Amazons fell over a pile of brush, knocking the breath out of her. This accident brought a halt to the charge. By this time the male population was aroused from its sleep. The appearance of the boys caused the young ladies, who had discovered their mistake, to scatter, one party carrying off the wounded sister. Around corners and up alleys they beat a hasty retreat, and not a few hours had elapsed before those sad but wiser sisters were again in their downy couches. The display of nature was not to be excelled by the French stage, so say those who were present.

Once started on the downward path, she fell rapidly. A pretty Southern girl, known to the midnight world as Alice Thorndike, died in Charity Hospital recently, the victim of dissipation. Her father, a Norfolk, Va., millionaire, found her body in a rough pine coffin at Hart's Island in time to save it from a pauper's grave. He had been searching the country over for his lost child, and, assisted by Detective James Fuller, of this city, found her when it was too late. Just two years ago Alice, the only daughter of the wealthy doctor and patent medicine inventor, resided with her father. She was his only remaining child and family solace in their mansion not far from



COLLEGE GIRLS' ESCAPE.

Norfolk. Alice was then but twenty years of age, with large, dark, lustrous eyes, a finely moulded form and well educated. She was much sought after by young men of high social standing.

One day she disappeared. Upon inquiry it was learned that she had been seen on the evening of her disappearance in company with another young woman and a strange gentleman hurrying toward Norfolk. The doctor was convinced that she had purposely fled from home to the North.

Several weeks rolled by, still not a word had the anxious doctor learned or heard of his daughter's whereabouts. The police of all the Northern cities were notified to keep a lookout for the missing one, and most appealing "personals" and advertisements were put in the leading newspapers begging Alice to return, or "send but a line assuring her father even of her existence," without any fruitful result.

A few months ago the doctor was surprised to learn from a young Virginia business man that he had met and positively recognized the doctor's daughter in an aristocratic boarding house in West Thirty-sixth street, near Sixth avenue, New York city. Upon this information the doctor at once sent a communication to the Fuller Detective Bureau.

Chief Fuller, with the description of the doctor's daughter and the name "Alice Thorndike," personally started out on his mission. The investigation resulted in tracing the girl from the very time she left her home, when it appears she came to this city with a former schoolmate who induced the girl to become an inmate of a tawdry place in Thirtieth street, near Madison avenue.

From this place "Alice Thorndike" drifted to another like concern on Twenty-fourth street, a short distance from the Madison Square Theatre. She was said to be a victim of morphine and had an insatiable thirst for wine.

Alice could not restrain her insatiable craving, and by degrees drifted from house to house, until at last she went to the Charity Hospital under another name and died.

Upon learning all these facts Chief Fuller telegraphed to her father. Upon his arrival at the detective bureau the doctor was told of his erring daughter's sad fate, and had the body taken to Norfolk, and the remains of pretty but unfortunate Alice Thorndike now sleep in a grave not far from that in the family plot, where her mother also peacefully slumbers.

Some excitement was created in the vicinity of Evergreen Cemetery in Los Angeles, Cal., on Oct. 8, by the antics of a nude woman, who amused herself for almost an hour by running over and around the graves.



RAN THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD.

papers, distributed the printed circulars throughout the fashionable portion of Nashville exposing Williams' criminal intimacy with Boren's young and beautiful wife, and thus causing the divorce.

Even then the matter was suppressed by the papers, but short reports were sent out by a number of correspondents. Boren says:

"But for the pleadings of my invalid mother this scoundrel would have been killed by me. For three days, with a pistol in my pocket, I laid in waiting for him. Not being able to see him, I wrote an anonymous letter to decoy him to have it out with him. My mother's pleadings finally prevailed. Yes, I have letters sent to my former wife by John P. Williams, 'making dates' with her. These letters, as you know,



A SOUTHERN GIRL'S DOWNFALL.

The police were notified, and Officer Hoff started in pursuit.

He found her in the house of a colored family near the cemetery, where she had been detained by the woman of the house. With the assistance of several women she was dressed and taken to police headquarters, and after a complaint charging her with insanity had been filed, she was sent to the County Hospital to await examination.

The woman's name is Amelia Felka. She is about thirty years of age and came up from Redondo. As near as can be learned the unfortunate girl had a lover's quarrel. When questioned she refused to give the name of the man, but stated that she had refused to marry him when he proposed and the Lord became very angry with her, as he had selected the man for her, and in his wrath he ordered her to go to the colored people's house where she was captured, smash everything in the house and then take a run through the graveyard.

She evidently proceeded to carry out the instructions, and was successful in every particular, for when she reached the house the family happened to be away, and she had no trouble in effecting an entrance. She demolished every piece of furniture in the house. After running up and down several streets she made a bee line for the cemetery, and for quite a while ran up and down among the walks and skipped in and out among the graves.

Miss Felka is rather a pretty girl, and with the exception of her wild statements regarding her love affair seems to be perfectly sane. Her race through the brush and over the rocks cut her feet and legs badly.

Nashville, Tenn., society is expecting a duel between A. Vance Boren of Nashville, Tenn., and John P. Williams, vice-President of the First National Bank of Nashville. He is worth a half million dollars, and lives on North Vine street in a \$100,000 house. Boren was until recently a drummer of Nashville, but he is now connected with the World's Fair of Chicago.

Though meager reports of the Nashville scandal have been published in all the papers in the past few days, the full facts had never come out, and the whole affair has been studiously suppressed by all the Nashville papers in consequence of Banker Williams' standing and influence. That a challenge is likely to pass between the men in a short time there are grounds for believing. Boren, warned by a Nashville officer that a plan was on foot to murder him, went to Louisville, Ky., the other day, and at a prominent hotel met, by engagement, his brother, Arthur Boren, who travels for E. Bowen & Co., paper dealers of Cincinnati.

Arthur Boren urged his brother to send Williams a

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challenge, but from late developments they both expect that Williams will send one to Vance Boren in a short while. Their reasons for believing this are grounded on the reported menaces of Williams since Boren, after the affair was suppressed by the Nashville



papers, distributed the printed circulars throughout the fashionable portion of Nashville exposing Williams' criminal intimacy with Boren's young and beautiful wife, and thus causing the divorce.

Even then the matter was suppressed by the papers, but short reports were sent out by a number of correspondents. Boren says:

"But for the pleadings of my invalid mother this scoundrel would have been killed by me. For three days, with a pistol in my pocket, I laid in waiting for him. Not being able to see him, I wrote an anonymous letter to decoy him to have it out with him. My mother's pleadings finally prevailed. Yes, I have letters sent to my former wife by John P. Williams, 'making dates' with her. These letters, as you know,



A SOUTHERN GIRL'S DOWNFALL.

I printed in my circular. I was determined that he should be exposed if I did not take personal satisfaction.

"I married in Dallas, Texas, in 1885. My wife was Miss Flora Henry. Her parents had arranged, against her wishes, for her to marry another man from McKinney, Tex. She was placed under lock and key to keep me from her. The wedding day came, and she gained freedom long enough to meet and marry me. The girl's father found us ten minutes after the marriage, and raising his hands prayed to God that his



LAY IN WAIT FOR HIS ENEMY.

daughter might meet an unhappy fate for her disobedience.

"It has come at last. I never had a suspicion against her until I received an anonymous letter about her and Banker Williams' liaisons. After securing the divorce, by advice of my attorney not bringing in the name of Williams, I left Nashville and tried to forget

it. This was impossible. I returned, as you know, last week, determined to expose him. The papers suppressed the matter, and I sent out the five thousand circulars. I had paid my board and was leaving Tennessee when an officer told me that Williams' friends were planning to shoot me down at sight. It was not for this that I left there. I intend to return soon."

Boren's divorced wife is only twenty-three years old, and for the first time since 1885 she met and was received by her relenting parents.

Boren says he has received several letters from his divorced wife, begging for pardon and praying for permission to come to him.

A sensational shooting occurred at the corner of Geary and Laguna streets, San Francisco, Cal., about 11 o'clock on the night of Oct. 8. Jake Breitenstein, a carpenter, living at 1427 1/2 Laguna street, fired three shots at his wife and then turned the pistol against his own head and sent a bullet into his brain.

The surgeons have little hope that either of them will recover.

Domestic trouble was the cause of the shooting. The couple had been married about a year. Both had children by former marriages.

The murderer formerly resided in Napa. His first wife died about two years ago.

In San Francisco he met Mrs. Smith, a widow with



DEATH RATHER THAN DIVORCE.

two children. They were married, and after the wedding he sold his house in Napa and moved to San Francisco.

The marriage proved an unfortunate one, as the couple had frequent quarrels, and Mrs. Breitenstein often threatened to leave the house and go back to her father. About seven weeks ago she did leave, and in spite of her husband's frequent requests that she return, not only refused to go back, but began suit for a divorce.

Three weeks ago he threatened her life, and she had him arrested. He was bound over to keep the peace.

Em Dash

MICHAEL F. SWEENEY'S BIG JUMP.

Michael F. Sweeney of the Xavier Athletic Club of New York, accomplished a phenomenal high jumping performance at Travis Island, New York, on October 8, beating the best record ever made for high jumping in the world.

"When Sweeney and Herrick of the Manhattan Athletic Club, had each cleared 6 feet 2 inches and the bar had been raised to 6 feet 4 1/2 inches, the knowing ones shook their heads and said it could not be. W. Byrd Page's record had withstood the attempts of all the great jumpers. Even old 'Father Bill' Curtis said, 'No, they can't do it.' Herrick tried three times and failed. Champion Sweeney, in his thin athletic costume, with the cherry X standing out defiantly on his breast, then walked over to take his turn. Confidently and lightly he sprang over the ground and 3,000 pairs of eyes watched him leap. There was a sigh of disappointment as the Xavier boy's leg struck the bar and it fell. His attempt was a failure.

"Disappointed but not disheartened, the strong-limbed and ambitious Sweeney returned to try again. This time he eyed the bar critically for two minutes. Then, having gauged the height accurately, he walked slowly forward, gradually increasing his pace until it had developed into a run.

"Now he was within five feet of it, and springing from the ground as lightly as a panther he leaped into the air and over the bar without disturbing it. He had accomplished the ambition of his life and eclipsed the efforts of W. B. Page, the greatest jumper of his time. Wild cheering greeted the wonderful feat. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs vigorously and screamed almost as loudly as their escorts. Hats and canes were thrown in the air and the band played, 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes.' Oh, what enthusiasm! Sweeney was the hero and the crowd paid its homage to him."

CAPTAIN EDWARD PREISSIG.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Edward Preissig, whose portrait we present this week, is captain of the John Kress Brewing Company's tug-of-war team. Mr. Preissig is well known among the German citizens of New York city as being a genial and whole-souled fellow.

D. C. ADAMS, LITTLE ROCK, ARK., DETECTIVE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found an excellent portrait of D. C. Adams, a popular detective of Little Rock, Ark. Mr. Adams is a shrewd and careful officer.

MISS STUARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We take pleasure in reproducing elsewhere the face and form of Miss Stuard, who is a good burlesquer and a handsome woman.

The Trade in Boston and Suburbs can be supplied with FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES by Mr. B. Lewis, 250 Hancock street, Boston, Mass.



MISS STUARD,

THE LARGE, LUSCIOUS, FASCINATING AND FINE-LIMBED LADY, WHOSE NAME RANKS HIGH AMONG OUR BURLESQUE BEAUTIES.



MRS. PFEIFER'S WILD JUMP.

A COLUMBUS, O., WOMAN FIRES A REVOLVER AT A PAIR OF HOUSE-BREAKERS AND THEN LEAPS FROM A WINDOW WITH HER CHILD.



LOTTIE COLLINS.

THE ENGLISH BEAUTY AND STAGE PET, WHO TARA BOOMS US IN NEW YORK AFTER TABARABOUMING THEM IN LONDON.



A WIFE IN WAR PAINT.

MRS. ARTHUR KRACK FINDS HER HUSBAND WITH MRS. M'PERSON AND TRIES TO CLEAN OUT HER RIVAL, IN LOUISVILLE, KY.



BURNED HIM TO DEATH.

MRS. SHARPE, THE DEMENTED WIFE OF A COATESVILLE, IND., MAN, POURS KEROSENE OVER HER SLEEPING HUSBAND.



UNDER A BURGLAR'S REVOLVER.

MRS. DAVID SCHERMERHORN, WIFE OF A PRATTSVILLE, N. Y., FARMER, COMPELLED TO HAND OVER HER HUSBAND'S MONEY.



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WE CELEBRATE!

New York Honors Christopher Columbus.

A WEEK OF FESTIVITIES

Parades, Pageants, Fireworks and Jollifications.

OVER A MILLION VISITORS.

Nothing Like It Ever Seen in Gotham Before.

PRETTY GIRLS ON REVIEW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The past week will be a memorable one for New Yorkers. It will pass into history as the greatest gala week of the nineteenth century.

It was the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, and New York simply outdid herself in honor of the event.

There were parades, pageants, banquets and fireworks, and over 1,000,000 strangers in town. There were visiting militiamen and civic organizations from the various neighboring States, and war vessels from foreign countries. The spirit of Columbus must have been proud, indeed.

The patriotic citizens of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City decorated their business and private buildings with bunting and flags, and the streets were gay with bright colors and happy, smiling faces.

The celebration began on October 10 with a grand display of fireworks on the Brooklyn Bridge. Thousands of visitors crowded the wharves and roofs of buildings in the vicinity of the river. Invitations were issued by Richard K. Fox, and provisions made to accommodate several hundred sightseers on the roof of the daily decorated POLICE GAZETTE building. A good view of the bridge and fireworks was obtained here. Among those who availed themselves of Mr. Fox's hospitality were:

Christopher Clarke, Manager POLICE GAZETTE, and daughter; Mr. George Bartholomew, Editor Daily News, and lady; P. Sewrot, of L. I. R'y staff; S. G. Patterson, of Snow, Church & Company; F. H. Westover, of New York Belting and Packing Co.; R. A. McDonald, of Snow, Church & Co.; S. W. Haywood, American News Co.; F. W. Rouse, Col. S. C. Campbell, James E. Sullivan, of Sporting Times; Hon. Patrick Dwyer, Leslie C. Bruce, of Turf, Field and Farm; Wm. N. Penny, Asst. Dist. Attorney; J. A. Britton, E. C. Stebbins, Manager The Metropolitan; Edward Fitzgerald, Deputy Register; Capt. John Falvey, John J. Daly, The Newsdealer; John H. Mandigo, of New York Sun; T. A. Adams, Detective Sergeant; O. Hammerstein, W. R. Kennard, G. A. Hummel, Thos. Meehan, of Globe Museum; H. D. Purroy, Fire Commissioner; Francis Hunt, Eugene S. Ennis, Frank E. Tremper, Fred Setioffer, artist; Wm. J. Ahearn, Thos. Colleton, William J. Daly, Captain Jas. Moorhead, and ladies; W. H. Harworth, James E. Gafney, John Lyons, H. J. Tootner,



VIEWING BRIDGE FIREWORKS FROM THE "POLICE GAZETTE" ROOF.

Congressman Amos J. Cummings and ladies; Patrick Walsh, F. Turner, Robert Hutchings, W. C. Anderson, Ernest Zipsey, Charles McKeon, Henry T. Rigby, Alex. Wilson, Mr. McNulty and ladies; H. J. Bothof, artist; W. J. Snyder, Mr. Schible and ladies; H. A. Dicrae, C. Tenbroeck, Mr. McKenna, Joseph Bothof, A. Jelliffe, Wm. G. Watt, N. G. Bennett and ladies; Mr. Levinger, Mrs. L. Slattery and N. Reid; Mr. Brakspear, Wm. E. Keyes, Patrick Kelly, W. M. Earl, Mr. Lynch, City Editor New York Morning Journal, M. Fahrenfeld, Mr. Austin, T. J. Ward, City Editor Brooklyn Standard Union; R. E. Rogers, John De Matt, Mr. Fowler, W. E. Harding and ladies; Thomas Powell, Alex. Cochard, William Birch, R. Smallman, G. Opprigan, Mr. Sudof, James Feeney, John Donohue, James Donohue, Joseph Heckler, Mr. Buck, Geo. Flack, J. V. Brady, John W. Rhodes, Wm. Watts, C. Reeves, Robert Judd, George Black, Thomas Mulcahey, Mr. Bennett, William Joh. Wm. J. Reilly, Mr. Belfry, John McAdams, Wm. L. Berghelm, David C. Buchanan, John T. Du Four, T. Corrigan, Mr. Low Rosen, Dramatic Editor Police Gazette; Mr. Westfield, Mr. Fowler, Oscar Kechele, Mr. H. G. Brooks, Mr. Palmer, Chas. Black, S. Cassidy, Prof. Boscowitch, A. Doughty, James Canavan, E. Flanger, Robert Flanger, Mr. Fleming, Ike Rose, Ed. F. Carr,

American News Co.; Mr. Abbott, American News Co.; Will H. Tremper, American News Co.; Thos. Caddigan, Breunau's; Jas. Sullivan, of Ivers & Co.; John Hamilton, American News Co.; Geo. S. Daniels, Capt. John Breslin, and daughter; H. D. Stillman, Managing Editor POLICE GAZETTE.

The river was crowded with steamboats and yachts, and all traffic on the ferries was stopped during the display of fireworks. Bombs and rockets burst in the air and search lights illuminated the bay and river. The fiery Niagara was the feature of the evening, and



THROWING CAKE AND FRUIT TO THE SOLDIERS.

the steam whistles along the river tooted a great encore after it was over.

On the same day there was a parade of 25,000 school children. With thousands of young Americans marching to patriotic strains, while thousands of proud parents and still other thousands looked on, with music and fireworks at night and enthusiasm everywhere, the metropolis welcomed all the world to its celebration in honor of the memory of the greatest of voyagers.

Rarely, if ever, in the history of the land which Columbus discovered has there been such a marching host of little ones, and never a more orderly or more



successfully managed parade. It was a credit to the children, the public schools, the Committee of One Hundred and the police authorities.

On the following day there was a naval parade on the bay and North River. United States cruisers and visiting war vessels from foreign countries participated in it, as did hundreds of steamboats, tugs and yachts. In the evening there was a parade of the Catholic societies and a Catholic celebration in Carnegie Hall. The United German societies also had a festival concert in the Seventh Regiment Armory. Then there were more fireworks on the bridge. On this occasion the fireworks accidentally ignited, and Niagara Falls and the other pieces all went off at the same time, making the grandest display ever seen in this or any other country. It was a rather dangerous illumination, but fortunately no one was seriously burned.

Wednesday, the 12th, however, was the day of days. The programme consisted of the grand military parade at 9 A. M.; the unveiling of the Columbus monument, Eighth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, at 4 P. M., and a night pageant and illumination of the city.

Never has any American city, never, perhaps, has any European city, witnessed a grander display than that which began in the metropolis early Wednesday morning and ended late at night.

It was a glorious and fitting close of a season of festivities which have eclipsed anything ever before seen in New York or attempted in any other quarter of the country.

The city was a bright-hued picture, radiant with decorations and gay colors, not merely in places, but everywhere. Never before has it been decked out so gorgeously or so universally. Nature herself joined in the joyous spirit of the occasion, contributing an October sunshine lacking little of perfection and a night of rare beauty. Metropolis and people were given up to jubilee, business was laid aside, care driven away and daily pursuits dropped. Gladness

Love's Sacrifice, or, The Charming of Men. No. 8 of Fox's Sensational Series. Of intense interest, abounding in thrilling situations, and illustrated by many spicy and elegant pictures. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

and enthusiasm, order and good humor reigned everywhere among the countless thousands who celebrated the day as participants and spectators.

To say that the great military and civic parade was a magnificent success is to speak but mildly. Hour after hour the grand and varied column moved with the regularity of a drilled body, with nothing to mar its march. It was typical at once of the might of the nation and its care for the people. The National Guard represented that characteristically American mass which at an hour's notice may be transformed from citizens and business men into soldiers ready to maintain domestic order or resist foreign attack. The police stood for that element which preserves peace, makes our streets safe and guards our homes, while the firemen were emblematic of the vigilance shown for the protection of life and property.

While governmental power and care were thus typified by the great procession, peace and order were the most significant aspect of the great host of spectators. It is safe to say that so vast an outpouring of people was never more orderly, more good-natured, more enthusiastic or more joyous. The crowds and the enthusiasm were unprecedented, yet the spirit of harmony and good feeling prevailed everywhere.

There were fully 50,000 men in line under the command of Gen. McMahon. First came the West Point Cadets, followed by the United States troops. Then came the militiamen for the several neighboring States. Gov. Pattison headed the Pennsylvania troops, who wore picturesque uniforms, reminding the spectators of the western cowboy. The Connecticut militia was headed by Gov. Buckley, while Gov. Abbott rode at the head of the Jersey boys. Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts, the youngest State magistrate in the country, and his staff, were there, too.

Then came the veteran firemen in their gay-colored uniforms. They made an imposing show. Veteran Harry Howard led the New York organization and was



of two dozen policemen. To the latter too much praise cannot be given for their conduct in lining up in front of the maddened animals and blocking their further progress, just in time to prevent certain loss of life.

The horses took the bits in their teeth as they were passing Sixteenth street on Fourth avenue. Through the lines of engines and trucks the driver guided them with steady hand until they rounded into the open plaza facing the Everett House and the Century Building. Then, as he looked at the human wall which faced him at Broadway and Seventeenth street, he shouted to a policeman, "They've got the bits."

Policeman Edward E. Griffenhagen, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station, who first heard the driver's cry, jumped at the bridle of the off horse and caught it neatly, but the galloping bay snorted and shook his head high in the air, lifting



THEY SAW THE PARADE.

Griffenhagen clear off his feet. The animal slackened speed not a whit.

Then it was that the other policemen, all of Capt. Brooks' command, saw what Griffenhagen had done,

and a score of them at once drew into line across the street. The officers stood firmly until the foam from the animals' nostrils almost flecked each bluecoat a badge, when they broke just in the middle of the line, and in a jiffy half a dozen officers were hanging



FAINTED IN THE CROWD.

on to either side of the bridges. Then the horses were stopped, but the crowd was only twelve feet away and well nigh panic-stricken, too.

In a few minutes all was quiet again. The officers deserved all the good things said about them.

The grand pageant took place in the evening. Nearly 1,500,000 people saw it. Owing to delays it was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning before it was over. It was headed by bicycle riders, male and female. Gorgeous floats, illuminated by electric lights, were there. So were hundreds of pretty ballet girls in tights and on prancing steeds. Pretty girls in tights and artistic costumes also rode on the floats. It would be impossible to describe all the pretty things of the pageant. Sufficient to say it was grand!

It is not boasting to assert that the great pageant would not have been possible in any other city on the continent. When we consider the vast multitude of visitors that were transported safely and housed comfortably, the exceptional size of the procession and the unprecedented masses that poured out into the thoroughfares, and then note the general smoothness, regularity and success that characterized the display, it is apparent that the metropolis has not only eclipsed what would have been possible in any other American city, but has won a new glory for itself. Indeed, it may be doubted whether in grandeur, popular enthusiasm and significance the pageant has ever been surpassed in the Old World.

For this magnificent success praise is due the Committee of One Hundred, the municipal government and the police authorities. But the chief honor belongs to the people themselves—spectators as well as participants. It was the jubilant and national spirit that animated the people of all classes which has made this commemoration of Columbus so grand and glorious and one destined to hold a memorable prominence in the annals of the metropolis.

Saw the Fireworks.

From the New York Daily News.

Among the many beautifully decorated buildings in this city, that of the Police Gazette office, at Franklin Square, occupies the front rank. The color design is one that decorators should study. Everything is completely harmonious from pavement to roof. The gilded fox heads on each corner of the iron balconies of the building add greatly to its attractiveness. To the hundreds of thousands of people crossing the Bridge the sight is a magnificent one.

Richard K. Fox, who is in Europe, with his usual generosity, cabled instructions to issue a number of invitations to witness the Brooklyn Bridge fireworks from the roof of the building and the adjoining buildings he owns on Dover street October 11, and upward of fifteen hundred guests took advantage of the invitations. As the main building is the highest and most attractive of any on the water front, and within a few hundred feet of the New York tower of the bridge, the view was a magnificent one. Among those who accepted invitations and witnessed the great display from the buildings were: Mr. and Mrs. Amos J. Cummings, Fire Commissioner Purroy, Capt. Patrick Walsh, Col. T. C. Campbell, Mr. McKeon and Mr. Edward Carr of the American News Company, Capt. and Mrs. James Moorhead, Capt. Nickerson and Miss Mamie Fox, daughter of Mr. Fox.

The decorations of the Police Gazette building were put up by Sullivan Bros., Decorators, 494 and 496 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A FATAL GLOVE FIGHT.

The glove contest in the Young Men's Athletic Club, in Memphis, Tenn., on Oct. 8, between Dick Nolan of Birmingham, Ala., and Jack Davis, the well-known boxer, ended fatally to Nolan.

Death was caused by concussion of the brain, and came twenty-four hours after Davis gave him the blow that sent him to the floor like a log. Nolan fought at 131 pounds and was a much stronger man than his opponent, who is now behind the bars charged with murder.

The result of the mill has created a great sensation in Memphis, for the athletic club is a rich organization, owning a seven-story club house, and the fight was the first professional one it had given. No publicity was given to the fight, but hundreds of prominent men and officials saw it. Mr. Williams, a big cotton buyer, was referee; Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, and Bob Lee, a prominent saloonist, were Davis's seconds. Lee was arrested but released on \$2,500 bond. Others of the interested parties are getting under cover and there is a nervous feeling in the club for fear Judge Dobbins, who is severe on sports, may make some examples. Dr. Porter, the millionaire banker, president of the club, did not attend the fight.

IMRO FOX.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Imro Fox, comic conjurer, needs no introduction. His friends are legion.

Fox's Sensational Series, the Spiciest novels ever published. All illustrated with colored and other plates. No. 1—Baccarat; No. 2—Fate of a Libertine; No. 3—Her Love Her Ruin; No. 4—Devil's Compact; No. 5—Pauline's Caprice; No. 6—A Guilty Love; No. 7—The Demi-monde of Paris; No. 8—Love's Sacrifice. Mailed to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents each, by RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

DEATH ENDS HER DISGRACE

The Curtain Falls on a Sensational Divorce Suit.

"DICKEY BIRD'S" LOVE.

An Unfaithful Wife's Ardent Love Letter in Court.

POISON SETTLES THE SUIT.

A sensational divorce suit which was instituted the other day in the Supreme Court, this city, came to an abrupt end by the death of the pretty defendant from poison. It is alleged she committed suicide.

The divorce was begun by William S. Andrews, an expert electrical engineer in the employ of the Edison Company, against his wife, Cora Mary Andrews. Andrews first met his wife through a personal in a morning paper. That was in November, 1885, and he married her the following February. She had been twice married before, and was divorced from the last one.

Andrews alleges that within a year of their marriage he found a letter addressed to "Will Wilson" in her writing, containing a portrait of herself in bathing costume, with a veil over part of her face. This letter, it is said, contained the most endearing expressions of love, and said: "I have shown enough of my face for you to kiss."

Andrews wrote her that he would never live with her again, but she wrote asking forgiveness, and they were reconciled, living together till 1889.

He was traveling in the West in the spring of 1889. She wrote him to meet her in Minneapolis. He was detained in Chicago. Then a friend sent him the fol-



WAS SHE TOO FRIENDLY WITH KOHLER?

lowing letter, which, it is alleged, she wrote to a married man called Frank Leach:

"WEST HOTEL, Minneapolis, Jan. 17, 1889.

"My love, my own True Love: Another letter to-day, and such a letter; dearest, my heart beats so I can hardly breathe. Must I be so far away? It seems so queer for you to say you are afraid I will grow cold. My love, I have always been more constant to my friends than they have ever been to me; then why should I grow cold to one I love with a love that is a thousandfold more intense than I ever knew I was capable of feeling.

"I often think how foolish I am when I remember every look and tone of your voice. * * * Oh! Love, will the days ever come! I anticipate such a pleasant summer. I wonder if I will be disappointed. My love, you did make me happy that happiest of weeks. * * *

"Did you see the eclipse last evening? As I looked at it I wondered if your eyes were looking at the same time. These lovely moonlight nights, as I bid the moon good-night, I breathe a prayer for my true love that he may be safe from all temptation, and well and happy. Heaven forgive me, my dear, if it is a sin to love you. You almost scolded me in your letter. I never for one moment thought you were unkind to



"DICKEY BIRD" PENS A LETTER.

Mrs. L. I only wanted you to make a greater effort to be home more; pay her more little attentions even than you ever had; make up to her in those thousand little ways a man can in kind attentions; go with her where she likes to go, for, oh, my Love! think of what I have stolen from her, what to her is more than money or jewels.

"We owe her so much. I never dreamed you could be unkind to any one. * * * I only ask, my love, that you be as true to me as I to you, love me as I love you, and only grow tired when I am tired, for 'As the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' * * *

"I shall sleep to-night with your dear letter held tight to my heart. Oh, that I could lay my head on your dear arm and feel your lips on mine. Will it ever be again? It must be! I dreamed of you last night. I was in some horrid trouble and you would not help me. I could feel your arms, but you would not help me. I woke up with my face all wet with tears. It was all that plum pudding, I know, for I know you would help me in any trouble. How proud I am of you. * * *

"That gentleman you called 'Worthless Frank' is more to me than my life. I love him so. I forget honor, duty, the whole world, and count all well lost if I have his love. * * * Good night, my lover, my husband, a long, fond kiss from lovingly yours, Sis." On the strength of this letter he began proceedings



POISON ENDS HER LIFE.

for a divorce in Chicago, but received a letter, of which the following is a portion, which brought about a reconciliation:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND—Don't throw me away. I have nowhere to go, no one to care for me. What can I do? * * * Kneeling here, with my lips pressed to your kind face, I swear before heaven I will devote my life to repay you the sorrow you have suffered. I pray to you as I would to my God, forgive, forgive, and take me back. * * * Try to forgive me, try to feel kindly to your old Dickey Bird. * * *

In the summer of 1890, he alleges, he discovered that she was too friendly with John H. Kohler at Long Branch. She went to Philadelphia, taking Mrs. Sophia M. Anderson as housekeeper, and lived at No. 1,832 North Twenty-seventh street, in that city.

On the strength of an affidavit made by Mrs. Anderson he has brought the present suit for divorce. Mrs. Anderson tells of what she saw between Mr. Kohler, a man called Sykes and Mrs. Andrews.

He received the following letter from her on June 27 last, but refused to forgive her.

"My dear husband—Believe me, believe me, my dear husband, bad and all as I have been, I am grateful. I do not ask you to forgive me. That my sin is beyond pardon I well know. All the love God put in a man's heart could not live through such a wrong."

Andrews says he has \$5,000 a year salary and is paying her \$25 a week and allows her to live in his cottage at Long Branch.

Her answer to his suit charges him with infidelity with Jennie H. Wilson, "Big Em," "Fat May," "Dolly Varden" Post, Emma Oglesbie and others.

Immediately after the beginning of the suit Mrs. Andrews was found dead in her cottage at Long Branch. Dr. Pemberton certified that her death was due to poisoning. It is believed that she committed suicide, but her friends claim that it was an accident.

UNDER A BURGLAR'S REVOLVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Get your husband's money or I will blow your brains out!" hissed a burly robber as he held a revolver at the head of Mrs. David Schermerhorn, the wife of a rich farmer who lives near Prattville, in the Greene County Catskills, N. Y.

Mrs. Schermerhorn was alone in the house when there came a knock at the front entrance the other evening, between 6 and 7 o'clock. As she opened the door a pistol was thrust in her face by a stranger, who forced the trembling woman back into the house and demanded that she give him the money at hand.

Reluctantly Mrs. Schermerhorn started for the money, but her movements were not swift enough to suit the robber and he repeated the threat with fierce oaths.

Mrs. Schermerhorn then handed over her husband's pocketbook, containing \$270, and the robber backed out of the room, keeping the woman under cover of the revolver. As he left the house Mrs. Schermerhorn tried to leave also, but the man swore he would kill her if she made an outcry or left the premises.

MRS. PFEIFER'S WILD JUMP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two men broke into Louis Pfeifer's house on Wisconsin avenue, Columbus, O., the other night, while Mrs. Pfeifer and her four-year-old child were alone, her husband being out of town.

Mrs. Pfeifer barred her bedroom door, but the burglars beat it down. Just as the door fell in she fired a revolver at the intruders, and then seizing her child in her arms leaped from an open window to the ground, eighteen feet below. Mrs. Pfeifer was not seriously injured, and running to a neighbor's she gave the alarm. The burglars fled without getting any plunder.

BURNED HIM TO DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. William Sharpe, an insane woman of Coatesville, Ind., recently poured kerosene oil on her sleeping husband applied a match and burned him to death. Sharpe endeavored to extricate himself but the woman opposed his efforts, and was herself so severely burned that she will probably die.

You Can't Match 'Em. Baccarat, No. 1; Fate of a Libertine, No. 2; Her Love Her Ruin, No. 3; The Devil's Compact, No. 4; Pauline's Caprice, No. 5; A Guilty Love, No. 6; The Demi-Monde of Paris, No. 7; Love's Sacrifice, No. 8. All of Fox's Sensational Series; 50 cents each. All handsomely illustrated. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

PRETTY LIMBS IN CHAINS.

How a Galena, Ohio, Lover Rescued his Sweetheart.

A SISTER'S SHOTGUN.

Charming Lela Bennett Exhibits Her Shackled Ankles.

CHAINED TO THE FLOOR.

Galena, in Delaware county, Ohio, has been in an uproar over a highly sensational affair. It appears that Miss Lela Bennett, a pretty sixteen-year-old girl, was very much in love with Samuel Boggs, a respectable young man. Lela's sister, Edna, and her brother, A. E. Bennett, were opposed to the courtship of the young people and chained Lela to the floor of her room in order to prevent her from eloping with her lover.

Samuel learned of the outrage upon his sweetheart, and accompanied by his brother Edward and Quincy Van Tassel, another young man of the village, went to the Bennett homestead to rescue the girl. When on the morning of Oct. 5 they reached the house they were confronted by the elder sister, Miss Edna, who was armed with a shotgun. The sister declared that if the young men stepped into the yard she would shoot them.

"Hold on, Edna," said Van Tassel, "I want to reason with you."

"I'll reason with you," replied the girl. "I'll shoot you."

Then Miss Bennett discharged the gun. The shot struck Van Tassel in the left shoulder. The young



SHOT HIM IN THE ARM.

men, however, did not go back. They disarmed Miss Bennett and entered the house. They found Lela chained to the floor in her room. The shackles encircled her ankles, and the rescuers were compelled to break the chains with an axe. Then the young girl was passed out of a window and carried down a ladder with the shackles still dangling from her ankles. She was immediately taken to Van Tassel's home, where she was cared for. On the following evening she was driven about the streets of Galena in a carriage with her feet hanging out. This was for the purpose of having the public view her chained limbs in order that abundance of evidence might be obtained by the



CARRIED HER DOWN A LADDER.

Boggs brothers and Van Tassel to prosecute her brother for assault and battery.

The Boggs brothers and Van Tassel were arrested late at night at the latter's home. The charge against them is malicious destruction of property, the Bennett

residence having been damaged in the attack, but it will be changed to that of abduction. Their case was continued. Miss Edna Bennett was arrested on the charge of shooting with intent to kill Quincy Van Tassel. She was taken before Squire McCammett, at Galena, and was bound over to Court in the sum of \$200.

A. E. Bennett also is to be arrested as an accessory before the crime, as it is claimed he loaded the shotgun and told his sister not to hesitate to use it. Van



THEY BROKE THE SHACKLES.

Tassel is in a fair way to recover from his wounds. The next new feature of the case will be an attempt by the Bennetts to have Miss Lela sent to the Girls' Industrial School, as she is not yet 17 years old. This action is to be taken in retaliation for her refusal to return home.

A WIFE'S ESCAPE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For several months Surgeon Samuel H. Dickson of the navy, now on duty in Washington, D. C., has suspected that his wife was unduly intimate with a wealthy young Englishman named Carter, and he hired detectives and had his wife watched day and night. The other evening the detectives informed Dickson that his wife and Carter were registered at the National Hotel, Sixth street and Pennsylvania avenue. Dickson went to his friends, Lieutenant Commander Cowden of the ordnance department, and Dick Wakeman, a well known man about town and a member of the Metropolitan Club, and asked them to accompany him.

The party reached the hotel and found Carter and Mrs. Dickson dining. They waited until the repeat that they were enjoying was finished, and the couple had retired to their rooms in the hotel. Then Dickson and his friends broke in upon the startled couple, and a lively time ensued.

The injured husband slapped Carter's face and called him very hard names; but his wife, who was the coolest of the party, asked him if he intended to make trouble and bring disgrace upon all concerned. "I don't care whether I do or not," said Dickson. During the personal discussion Commander Cowden and Wakeman left the room.

Mrs. Dickson is a handsome blonde of medium height, but trimly built. She has always figured largely in fashionable circles here, her skill as a horse-woman making her exceedingly popular among the hunting set. Dickson was appointed from Philadelphia, Pa.

WHITE WOMEN FIGHT FOR A COON.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charles Buckner, a colored waiter at a Dayton, O., hotel, was entertaining Miss Effie Brown, a beautiful white girl, in his room the other night, when the door was suddenly broken open by two young white women, who had also received attentions from the colored Don Juan. One, Miss Johns, made a grab for her rival and proceeded to tear off the rather scanty attire of Miss Brown. This lady objected to an undressing act and a general fight ensued, which ended on the sidewalk by Buckner knocking one of the invading females down. The women escaped, but their dusky admirer was arrested.

A DEMENTED TILDEN, WIS., MAN'S CRIME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Daniel O'Brien, living in Tilden, Wis., recently shot and killed his wife while she was sitting in a chair. He then tried to set fire to the house and cremate the body, but his daughter's arrival prevented this. O'Brien started after his daughter, chasing her upstairs, but she jumped out of the window and gave the alarm to the neighbors. Before assistance arrived O'Brien had escaped to the woods, taking with him the gun with which he killed his wife. The murderer is said to be demented.

A WIFE IN WAR PAINT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A lively scene was recently enacted at Harris's Theatre, in Louisville, Ky. The wife of Arthur Krack espied her husband leaving the house with Mrs. Josie McPherson, and in jealous rage she started for her in true pugilistic style. A fight ensued, which ended only when both women were arrested. The women are young and only recently married. Mrs. Krack has long suspected her husband with undue intimacy with Mrs. McPherson. Krack denies that there is anything wrong.

WILBUR M. BATES, PHILADELPHIA JOURNALIST

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we publish a portrait of Wilbur M. Bates, a Philadelphia, Pa., newspaper man, who recently worked up the Hill murder case and landed the guilty ones in jail. Mr. Bates is a member of the Press staff.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM WITTICK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we present a striking and accurate portrait of Detective William Wittick, of Columbia, Pa., an officer well-known in that locality for his shrewdness and daring.

LOTTIE COLLINS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of Lottie Collins, of far-ra-boum fame, is found elsewhere in our paper this week, and will be welcome to the thousands who have seen her.

You should have the five great sporting hand books. "Cocker's Guide," "Dog Fitt," "Barrier's Guide," "Card Player" and "Police Gazette Standard Sporting Rules." Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents for each book. All illustrated. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



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A CHAMPION MUST FIGHT.

Jim Corbett Must Defend His Title in the Ring.

RULES GOVERNING PUGILISM.

It appears that Jim Corbett has decided not to fight again for the championship of the world until the expiration of one year from Sept. 7, 1892. Judging by Corbett's ultimatum, he must believe that there are no rules governing the title he has won, and which he is compelled to defend against all challengers.

In my opinion Corbett must defend his title, and, if he fails to do so, then the boxer who puts up a deposit and challenges him to battle succeeds him. John L. Sullivan, when he was champion, labored under the impression that he could avoid fighting and still hold the championship. Sullivan would not be influenced to believe anything else until Jake Kilrain challenged him in 1890, and Kilrain's challenge was backed up with \$1,000 forfeit and the usual thirty days was allowed for its acceptance. Sullivan did not accept the challenge and Kilrain claimed the title. The sporting press in England and America declared Kilrain champion.

It has always been the rule that a champion must defend his title against all challenges that are legitimate. In 1851 Harry Broome beat Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, for the championship of England. The Tipton Slasher challenged Broome to fight again for the title. Broome failed to meet him and the Tipton Slasher became champion. At the time Tom Sayers was champion of England in 1880 he fought John Carmel Heenan, the champion of America, for \$200 and the championship of the world. The battle was fought on April 17, 1880, and ended in a draw. Sayers then retired from the ring and the championship emblem was left open for any one to claim. Sam Hurst, the "Staly Bridge Infant," who was, by the way, in this country in 1870 the guest of Arthur Chambers, and Tom Paddock fought for the championship, they being the first claimants. Hurst won and became champion of England. Jim Mace then challenged Hurst, and while he did not want to meet Mace he was notified that he would have to fight or surrender the title. Hurst finally accepted and Mace defeated him in 8 rounds on Sept. 18, 1891.

Mace's victory made him champion of England, and in a speech he announced he would fight any man in the world, black or white, who challenged him. Tom King, of Stoney, London, England, and not Tom King, of New Orleans, La., challenged Mace to fight for \$200 a side and the championship. Mace, like the present champion of the world, did not want to fight until he had filed several important engagements, but he was notified that King would be declared champion if he did not accept the challenge. Mace, not desiring to lose the title by default, agreed to fight King. They met on Jan. 23, 1892. The battle was a desperate one. Forty-nine rounds were fought with bare knuckles, according to London prize ring rules, when Mace was hailed the victor. King at once challenged Mace to fight again but the latter did not care to fight for one year. King's wife, the donors of the champion belt, decided Mace must again meet King within six months, and the former, in order to keep the belt and the championship accepted King's challenge. A second match was made upon the same terms as the first, and King and Mace met on Nov. 28, 1892, nine months after their first battle. King won in 21 rounds, lasting 25 minutes. King then became champion of England. Mace then challenged him to meet once more for the championship. King refused to fight and King's wife declared that he forfeited the title.

I could continue quoting precedents of this kind, but the above historical prize ring events go to prove what I have said in reference to Jim Corbett, the new champion, and the path he must follow if he desires to hold the title.

It is to avoid such a contingency that the following rule was made: "The holder of the championship must contend for the title within six months, but not more than twice within one year. All contests must be fought within six months from the date of the challenge, and if the challenger's proposal to fight is ignored he shall be entitled to the championship, and will be in duty bound to defend it according to the rules governing the championship."

Now, in the face of these facts, I do not see how Jim Corbett can refuse to fight and hold his title. He has been challenged by Charley Mitchell, the boxing champion of England, and it is said that the latter posted \$500 forfeit. This fact I cannot vouch for. On the other hand, Joe Goddard has posted a forfeit and issued a challenge to fight Corbett for \$5,000 a side and the largest purse offered, and Corbett has refused to meet the Australian. Now, it is not in my province to claim superiority for Corbett or for Goddard. It will be ample time to discuss their chances of victory when a match is arranged. It is merely my right to settle a disputed question, which is whether Jim Corbett, being the recognized champion of the world, must accept all bona fide challenges or forfeit all claim to the championship. I have not rushed into the furnace while the door is open. I have carefully hunted up similar cases and closely pursued the rules, and come to the conclusion that Corbett must meet his challengers, arrange a match to fight in six months, or lose all claim to the title he holds.

Since George Godfrey, the Black Slasher, of Boston, Mass., and Joe Chynski, the California Thunderbolt, have been matched to meet in the Coney Island Athletic Club on Oct. 31, I have heard many claim that Chynski would win sure, on the ground that Godfrey is old and stale. It is true Godfrey has been battling within the roped arena for quite a number of years, and besides his numerous glove contests in the eighties, has fought many a stubborn, up-hill battle both with champions and non-champions. His great battle with Peter Jackson, his victory over Jack Ashton, his victory over Ed Smith of Denver, his stubborn battle with Jake Kilrain and his victory over Joe Lannon, go to show that the Black Slasher has been since 1882 a regular prize ring hero. It must be thoroughly understood that it is not the battles that use up the adipose tissues of a pugilist, but the trying ordeal of training. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that one half of the champion pugilists would sooner fight three times than go through the regular training routine once. There are very few first-class fighters who will train strictly to the letter. The majority place too much confidence in their known ability, and believe they can win at all hazards. Lack of condition cost Edward Hanlan the single-scutt championship of the world. It cost John L. Sullivan the prize ring championship. Godfrey has trained a score of times and trained conscientiously, going through his daily work with regular clock-like precision during the five or six weeks prior to an encounter. No doubt he has suffered from this continued physical strain, and possibly it may tell against him in his coming battle with Chynski.

Godfrey was born at Prince Edward's Island on March 20, 1853, and he is not yet forty years of age, so he cannot be considered too old to fight. Joe Mace, when he fought Tom Allen at Kenner, La., May 10, 1870, was 41 years old, and since that time he fought George Belcher in Australia, and Charley Mitchell in Glasgow, Scotland. He won from Allen and Belcher, but youth told in his contest with Mitchell. Joe Mace was 44 years of age when he fought Paddy Ryan for \$2,000 and the championship at Collier's Station, West Va., on June 1, 1880. He fought Ryan 57 rounds, according to London prize ring rules, and although Ryan won the championship of America, there was not much credit given to Ryan for his victory, and it is believed that if Mace had trained he would have won.

I think that if Mace could fight as he did in his battle with Tom Allen at the age of forty-one, and Mace could stand up 57 rounds in front of Paddy Ryan, who was taller, more athletic, heavier and possessed a longer reach than his opponent, that Godfrey's age in the coming contest should not be considered. It must be remembered that when Joe Mace,

at the age of forty-one, met Tom Allen, the latter was champion of America. There was no man in America who disputed Allen's claim to the title until Mace defeated him, which made Mace's victory the more important. Age is not going to defeat Godfrey in the coming contest, which I think will be a desperate one. Now, mark what I say, if Godfrey is to be beaten it will be by tremendous blows that will give him a reverse. Godfrey is one of the cleverest boxers in America. He was always classed as a scientific boxer. His courage was always questioned until he fought Peter Jackson, and he lasted longer in front of the black champion than either Jim Smith, England's champion, or Frank P. Slavin. Godfrey's protracted struggle with Jake Kilrain proved his courage beyond all question, for to use the vernacular he stood the guff until he was knocked out.

Joe Chynski is said to be a wonderful fighter. He may be, but he was defeated by Corbett and twice knocked out by Joe Goddard. Speculators would not back Chynski on what he has done but what he may do, for his record does not class with Godfrey's victories and defeats. There is one thing certain, Chynski will hit Godfrey harder than ever he was hit in his life, and if he can stand the same dose Chynski gave Goddard when he opened a big gash on the Australian champion's chin and left him marked for life, he will be a wonderful game man.

It looks as if there will be an international yacht race during 1893. A preliminary challenge was received at the New York Yacht Club from Lord Dunraven, who is anxious to carry to England the America's cup. The letter of Lord Dunraven was not given out for publication, but I am informed that a formal challenge will be sent by the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which the Earl of Dunraven is a member, if the conditions of what is known throughout the domain of yachting as the new deed of gift are sufficiently modified to suit British ideas. Lord Dunraven lays it down as a *sine qua non* of his formal challenge that he will accept the same terms offered him on the occasion of his previous challenge, provided that if he wins the same conditions shall govern all future races for the cup. On receipt of Lord Dunraven's letter, Secretary Oddie communicated with Commodore Gerry, and the following telegram was sent to Lord Dunraven: "Your letter received, and will be considered at a special meeting of the club, to be held on Oct. 18."

The whole question will probably be referred to a committee of the club. There is sure to be the biggest fight in the history of the organization. The new deed of gift was drawn up by Secretary John H. Bird in 1887. It met with the approval of Commodore Gerry, Gen. Paine, ex-Commodore J. D. Smith, and all the influential members of the club, who insisted that its terms were fair and sportsmanlike. Of late a revision of feeling has set in. The *Field*, edited by Dixon Kemp, has adduced certain arguments that have appeared cogent to many members of the New York Yacht Club. There is a powerful faction striving to subvert Commodore Gerry and the more conservative members of the club who are pledged to the deed of gift in question. Their project is also to elect in Commodore Gerry's place Vice-Commodore E. D. Morgan. If this faction is victorious, as it probably will be, Lord Dunraven may challenge for the America's cup on his own terms. But he is not at all likely to come nearer winning it than did Sir Richard Sutton with the *Genesta*, Lieut. Henn with the *Galatea*, or James Bell with the *Thistle*.

The chief points complained of in the deed of gift are that the challenger is compelled to give ten months' notice, to disclose the length on load-water line, beam at load-water line, extreme beam and draught of water, which dimensions shall not be exceeded. These clauses of the famous document have hitherto been upheld with vigor by the New York Yacht Club as being fair and sportsmanlike. They have also been denounced as most unfair and unsportsmanlike by the leading yacht clubs of Great Britain. How the New York Yacht Club can with honor retreat from its old standpoint is an interesting problem. Lord Dunraven, however, was given the tip several weeks ago by his friends in the New York Yacht Club that a challenge would be in order, and he hastened to send it along. It looks now as though his challenge would be accepted. Several New York yachtsmen are ready to give the Herreshoffs an order for a cup defender just as soon as the approximate dimensions of the challenging boat are received. Of course Lord Dunraven will build a new yacht. Such a slow coach as the Valkyrie, or craft of that class, is quite out of the question for an America's cup contest.

The pneumatic tire trotting sulky is creating a regular furor among trotting men. There can be no question but what it is this character of a vehicle that enabled Nancy Hanks to break the mile trotting record at Washington Park a few weeks ago. Or, in other words, it is very doubtful that she could have trotted the mile better than a second or so slower had she been attached to the old fashioned hard tire sulky. The speed of the pneumatic tire has long been known to bicycle riders, and shortly after its appearance in England riders of that style of machine were handicapped 100 yards in the mile. The growth of the popularity of the tire was so rapid and its adoption by racing men so widespread that it soon had the racing field to itself, as no rider, no matter how speedy, could push the hard tired wheel against a contestant in his own class on the new style mount with any hope of success.

Since its introduction on the trotting track the new sulky has worked wonders equal almost to those accomplished by the air tire on the cycle racing path. The striking thing about the new sulky is the low wheels. In the old-style vehicle the driver sat between them. Now he sits above them. The wheels average from twenty-eight to thirty-two inches, about the same as a safety bicycle seen on the roads and tracks. It has ball-bearings where ever there is play for an axle. In the old sulky the wheel turned on a greased axle. Now in the hub of the wheel is a row of balls about the size of buckshot and of the hardest steel. The axle is placed on these balls, which eliminate the old-time cone-bearing friction. The rim of the sulky is of wood and the spokes also, but many horsemen are applying to the bicycle dealers for regular bicycle wheels to be attached directly to the sulky. The average weight of a road safety bicycle is from 24 to 45 pounds; of a racer about 20 pounds. A sulky with the pneumatic tire attachment weighs from 22 to 30 pounds.

The tire, which is of rubber, is pumped up with air, the same as in a bicycle. An inch and a quarter tire, or even larger, is left hollow and is pumped full of air by means of a small pump. The hole is then made air-tight by a valve, and the tire will remain firm until the air leaks out through a puncture or faulty plugging. The sulky that did the best work on the grand circuit in the West recently had a wheel about 28 inches high. Practical persons consider that the low wheels do not give any advantage; rather that the ball-bearings and tires enabled the 28-inch sulky to win in spite of the low wheels. They say that the long-accepted theories concerning high wheels cannot be easily disproved, and that it will not be long before horsemen will want sulky having wheels of the usual height, but supplied with the frictionless bearings and pneumatic tire. The pneumatic tire is a great benefit to the driver as well as to the horse. The vibration in the old sulky was one of the drawbacks to increased lightness.

REFERENCE.

John Scanlan, the famous catch-as-catch-can wrestler, who keeps the Davis House in Fall River, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Oct. 10, 1892.

RICHARD K. FOX—Seeing that there are numerous wrestlers eager to engage in catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling, I hereby offer to wrestle any man in America at 135 pounds, Lancashire style, best two in three falls, for \$250 a side upwards. Hugh Leonard, the wrestling teacher of the Manhattan Athletic Club, preferred. I am ready to sign articles at the POLICE GAZETTE for a match within twenty-four hours' notice. Trusting one of the many wrestlers will accept. I remain,

JOHN SCANLAN, Champion of New England.

Spicy! Sensational! Fox's Sensational Series.—No. 1.—BACCARAT. No. 2.—FATE OF A LIBERTINE. No. 3.—HER LOVE HER RUIN. No. 4.—THE DEVIL'S COMPACT. No. 5.—PAULINE'S CAPRICE. No. 6.—A GUILTY LOVE. No. 7.—THE DEMI-MONDE OF PARIS. No. 8.—LOVE'S SACRIFICE. All translations from the French and all copiously illustrated. Price, 50 cents each. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, in heavy wrappers. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

[On account of the great number of queries received recently, our correspondents will please be patient if they do not see their questions answered immediately. The queries will be answered in regular order.]

R. Brazil, Ind.—B wins.

J. McC.—1. Yes. 2. \$250.

W. H., Montague, Cal.—No.

J. J. C. Shamokin, Pa.—No.

SPORT, Brooklyn, N. Y.—No.

MOHILL, Bay City, Mich.—B.

T. G. F., Savannah, Ga.—Yes.

O. L. M., Millbury, Mass.—Yes.

G. B. F., Millbury, Mass.—Yes.

J. W. B., Newark, N. J.—In 1877.

T. T. B., Williams, A. T.—B wins.

R. S. F., Brunswick, Ga.—A wins.

J. McN., Hartranft, Tenn.—Neither.

E. H., Piedmont, W. Va.—Low Jack.

J. A., Sing Sing, N. Y.—A is correct.

G. J. H., Bethel, Va.—James Corbett.

J. R. S., Annapolis, Md.—160 pounds.

GERARD, Scranton, Pa.—Joe Goddard.

J. H. H., Washington, D. C.—25 miles.

C. K. and G. S., Mansfield, Ohio.—No.

L. H. C., Yreka, Cal.—In the last round.

J. T. W., Lafayette, Ind.—Jake Kilrain.

NORMANDY, Bennington, Vt.—Sullivan.

C. N. L., Houston, Texas.—A is correct.

W. D. F., Marion, Va.—Corbett holds the belt.

D. M., Mechanicville, N. Y.—He stands six feet.

G. H. Baton, N. M.—One hundred and sixty pounds.

A. C. S., Toledo, O.—On the first finger of the left hand.

L. J. B., Portsmouth, Va.—Not that we ever heard of.

J. H., Toronto.—We do not understand what you mean.

E. W. H., St. Joseph, Mo.—19 4-5 seconds; 28 1/2 seconds.

J. R., Rich, Miss.—Punching bars have no special weight.

W. C. S., Chicago, Ill.—Yes: Sullivan, Kilrain and Corbett.

A. P., Herkimer, N. Y.—The cards must be dealt over again.

A. W., New York, N. Y.—1. No claim was made. 2. Lynch.

M. G. R., Rahway, N. J.—We do not understand your query.

E. S. McG., Williamsport, Pa.—1. Twenty-four feet. 2. Yes.

J. A. B., Mankato, Minn.—1. No. 2. Sullivan always refused.

W. D., New York, N. Y.—The population of Berlin is 1,579,344.

J. E. H., Scranton, Pa.—1. No. 2. The police stopped the contest.

C. C., Chicago, Ill.—Sullivan was 24 years of age Oct. 15, 1892.

A. B. S., Washington, D. C.—1. A wins. 2. There is no such title.

E. G. F., Harlan, Ia.—Sullivan and Kilrain fought in a 24-foot ring.

C. R., New Orleans, La.—We do not know any turfman of that name.

J. D., Ft. Worth, Tex.—1. Yes. 2. Jim Corbett holds the trophy.

CONSTANT READER, New York, N. Y.—See answer to J. L. B., Chicago.

P. B., Princeton, Ill.—That he was not defeated by any foreigner.

L. B. F., Allegheny, Pa.—Generally strike left and right alternately.

L. D. G., Richmond, Va.—We do not know any one we could recommend.

C. E. M., Washington, D. C.—Joe McAuliffe and Jim Corbett never fought.

SUBSCRIBER, Hartford, Conn.—On the East side; right-hand side going up.

R. W. G., Cleveland, O.—Charley Mitchell is a native of Birmingham, Eng.

B. M., Catskills, N. M.—Send 25 cents and we will mail you the regular rules.

S. F. H., Utica, N. Y.—A professional is one who contends or competes for money.

E. U., Glen Cove, L. I.—Send 25 cents for the rules on pool-playing to this office.

L. F., Newark, N. J.—Bob Fitzsimmons defeated Jack Dempsey on January 14, 1891.

F. T., St. Louis, Mo.—Send the picture and we will publish it at the first opportunity.

J. F., Dallas, Tex.—Sullivan was champion of the world prior to his defeat by Corbett.

SUBSCRIBER.—The combination wins on the first two, and one half is paid on the dead heat.

M. C., Chicago, Ill.—You had better write to Corbett, care of this office, for the information.

O. F., Knoxville, Tenn.—Jack Dempsey weighed 147 1/2 pounds, Bob Fitzsimmons 150 1/2 pounds.

J. B., Chambersburg, Pa.—If the word that is the bone of contention was spelled wrong A wins.

W. J. T., Wilmington, Del.—Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought under London prize ring rules.

J. J. McC., Washington, D. C.—Jack Dempsey weighed 147 1/2 pounds. Bob Fitzsimmons 150 1/2 pounds.

E. D. C., Sioux City, Iowa.—1. Smith and Kilrain fought 106 rounds in France, Dec. 10, 1887. 3. Yes.

F. T. H., Telluride, Col.—Mitchell claims he weighed 160 pounds when he fought Sullivan in France.

G. W. D., Boone, Iowa.—There is no such thing in prize ring classes as welter weights. It is only a fancy title.

W. F., Hartford, Conn.—Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett fought for a purse of \$10,000. Each received \$2,000.

L. H. D., Canon City, Colo.—1. He is a white man. 2. He must fight within 6 months. 3. Yes; 10 cents each.

A. G., Fort Wayne, Ind.—If you send 25 cents to this office we will send you Charley Mitchell's record in book form.

P. H. O'B., Pittsfield, Mass.—Certainly; Sullivan would win the championship if Corbett refused to fight him again.

READER, Fishers, N. Y.—1. No. He held the title from February, 1892, to 1890; from July 8, 1889, to September 7, 1892.

R. T. R., New York, N. Y.—1. August, 1892. 2. No. 3. Charley Mitchell and Mike Cleary never boxed in Harry Hill's.

L. B. F., Allegheny, Pa.—It is all owing to the height of the ceiling and the size of the boxers who are going to use it.

R. B., Greenpoint, L. I.—Billy Dacey, the boxer, is in San Francisco, Cal. His boxing school is closed for the present.

G. W. F., Baltimore, Md.—Sullivan never arranged a match with Peter Jackson, neither did he ever fight a colored man.

S. A. B., Greenville, Tex.—Send 25 cents to this office and we will mail you a book containing the lifting records, all styles.

G. H. L., St. Louis, Mo.—1. London prize ring rules. 2. Sullivan and Corbett fought according to "Police Gazette" rules.

W. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Tom King's last battle was with John C. Heenan. King fought Mace twice before he met Heenan.

J. A. M., Cleveland, Ohio.—Sullivan has been knocked down three times; by Charley Mitchell, James A. Hogan and Jim Corbett.

READER, Trenton, N. J.—We do not know the Frenchman's name who was credited with accomplishing the feat on a water bicycle.

L. M. B., Savannah, Ga.—Neither weighed before entering the ring, consequently it would only be guessing to state their weights.

ENQUIRER, Babee, A. T.—1. Sullivan was never knocked down by Dominick McCaffray. 2. Yes; James J. Corbett and James A. Hogan.

H. G., Brownsville, Pa.—Send 25 cents and we will mail you the "Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules," which contains the Sheffield rules.

J. H. G., Rapatee, Ill.—Kilrain won the title of champion by Sullivan refusing to fight him in 1886. From 1889 to 1890, and from 1890 to Sept. 7, 1892.

J. V. B., New Albany, Ind.—1. Procure a copy of the "Police Gazette" card player. It will give you the information. 2. It was a misdeal and neither wins.

H. F. F., Elgin, Ill.—Charley Mitchell claims that he fights at 11 stone 4 pounds, which would be 160 pounds, or 4 pounds over the middle weight fighting limit.

J. K. L., San Francisco, Cal.—There are different rules in all places that combinations are paid. You win on the first two, and should receive half on the draw.

B. W., Toledo, O.—1. Send 25 cents and we will send you a book containing the information. 2. Send a forfeit and a challenge and you will be accommodated.

SLIVER, Detroit, Mich.—Jackson and Corbett fought in the California Athletic Club, San Francisco, Cal., on May 21, 1891. Sixty-four rounds were fought in 4 hours 3 minutes.

G. S., Mansfield, O.—1. Sullivan did not break either of his arms when he fought Kilrain. 2. Sullivan did break his arm when he fought Patsy Cardiff in Minneapolis, Minn.

J. L. B., Chicago, Ill.—Bollingbroke, Kennington Social, National Sporting clubs in England, and Olympic, Pacific, California, Coney Island, Erie athletic clubs in this country.

S. W. J., Boston, Mass.—1. In the "Kite" in the POLICE GAZETTE we thoroughly explained the championship question. 2. James J. Corbett is the champion pugilist of the world.

G. R., Eddy, N. M.—London time is 4 hours 54 minutes earlier than New York, 8 hours 9 minutes earlier than San Francisco. New York is 3 hours 15 minutes earlier than San Francisco.

S. W. and H. P., Cambridge, Mass.—Gerrard Dixon defeated Abe Willis, the feather-weight champion of Australia, in 3 rounds, lasting 19 minutes, in San Francisco, Cal., July 28, 1891.

J. O. H., Valdosta, Ga.—Richard K. Fox offered four belts to represent the feather, light, middle and heavy-weight championships of the world. Jack McAuliffe won the light-weight belt and Jack Dempsey the middle-weight belt by holding them three years against all comers. Billy Murphy holds the feather-weight belt, and Jim Corbett holds the heavy-weight belt.

H. S. W., Lowell, Mass.—1. One hundred and twenty different combinations of three each, not using same one twice in any combination. 2. Two Numbers, or sets of numbers, articles or things cannot make a combination in the sporting sense, but any amalgamation of two or more articles, places, things, forms a combination, such as green is a combination of blue and yellow.

J. W. B., New York City.—When Nancy Hanks trotted in 2:04 at Terra Haute, Ind., on Sept. 23, 1892, she did the first quarter in 2:11, a 2:04 clip, the second quarter in 2:15 (2:07), the third quarter in 2:24, at the rate of a mile in 1:28, and finished in 2:31. When Mace trotted in 2:04 over the same track the next day, his quarters were as follows: 25 1/2, 31 1/2, 35 1/2, 31 1/2, the third quarter being at the rate of a mile in 1:37.

R. W. J., Columbus, Ohio.—The following explains what is meant by the trotting standard:

First.—Any trotting stallion that has a record of two minutes and thirty seconds (2:30), or pacing stallion that has a record of two minutes and twenty-five seconds (2:25), or better, provided any of his get has a record of 2:35 trotting, or 2:30 pacing, or better, or provided his sire or dam is already a standard animal.

Second.—Any mare or gelding that has a trotting record of 2:30, or a pacing record of 2:25, or better.

Third.—Any horse that is the sire of two trotters with records of 2:30, or two pacers with records of 2:25, or one trotter with a record of 2:30 and one pacer with a record of 2:25, or better.



IMRO FOX,
THE COMIC CONJURER, WHOSE COMICALITIES
ARE CONTAGIOUS AND CATCHING.



A DEMENTED TILDEN, WIS., MAN'S CRIME.
DANIEL O'BRIEN SHOTS HIS WIFE, TRIES TO CREMATE HER BODY, AND THEN
MAKES AN ATTEMPT TO MURDER HIS DAUGHTER.



DETECTIVE WILLIAM WITTICK,
A DARING AND SHREWD POLICE OFFICER
OF COLUMBIA, PA.



A WRONGED HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

M. F. BOYD, TAX RECEIVER OF FLOYD COUNTY, GA., AND A CRIPPLE, FATALLY STABS HIS WIFE'S LOVER.



MURDERED BY BURGLARS.

MRS. SIMMONS RETURNS TO HER HOME IN SUBLETTE, MO., TO FIND THAT HER
DAUGHTER HAD BEEN BUTCHERED DURING HER ABSENCE.

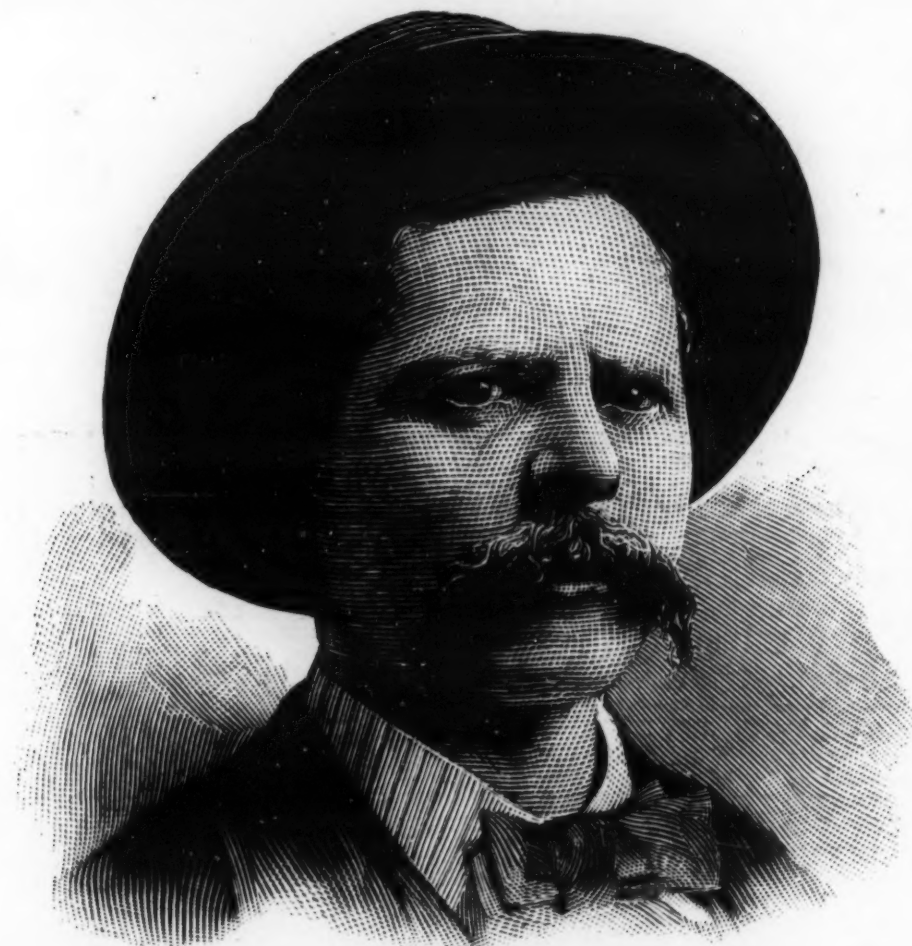


SHOT HER RIVAL.

JEALOUS LIZZIE THOMPSON WINDS UP THE CAREER OF MAGGIE PURVIS BY
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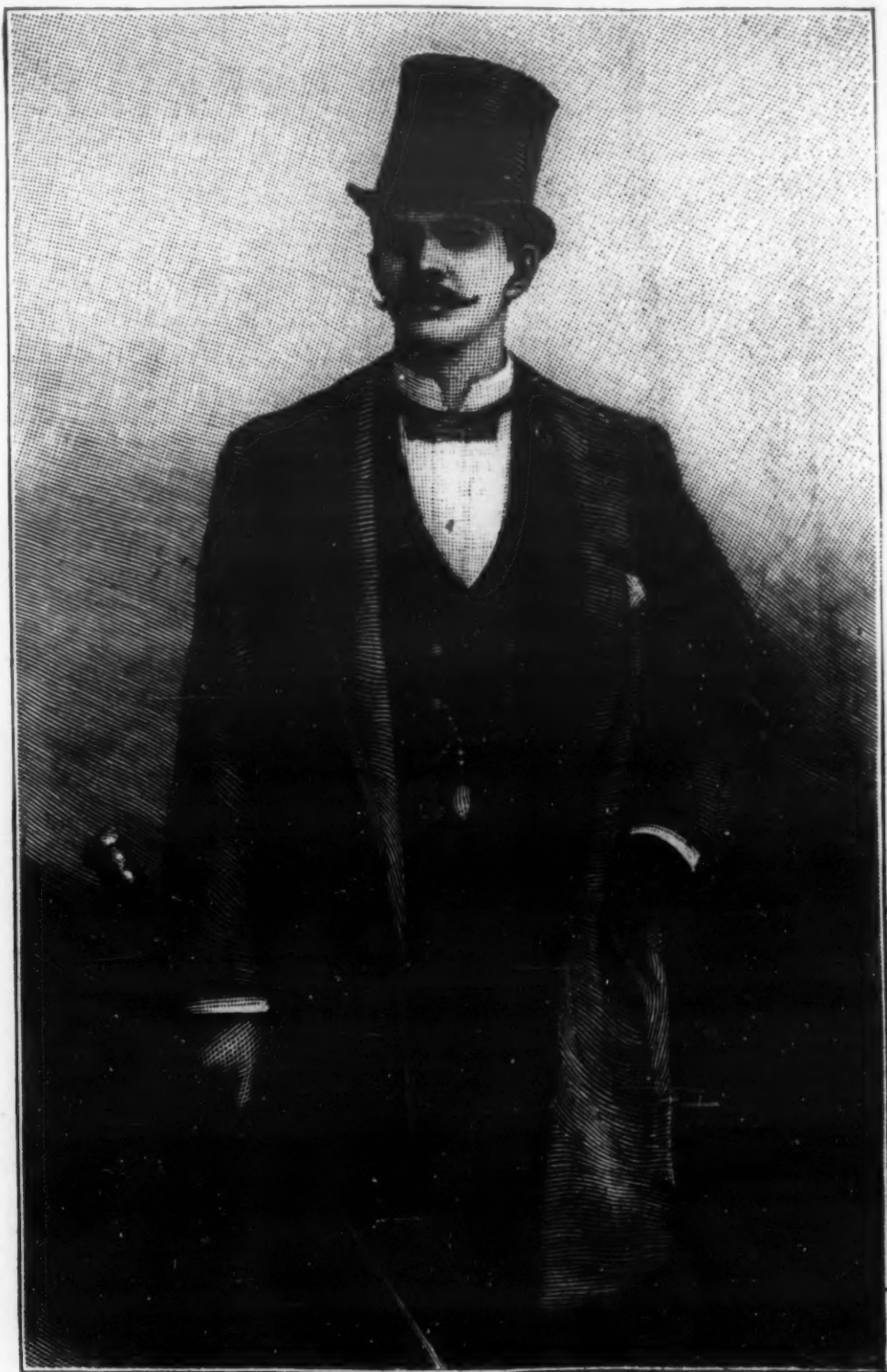
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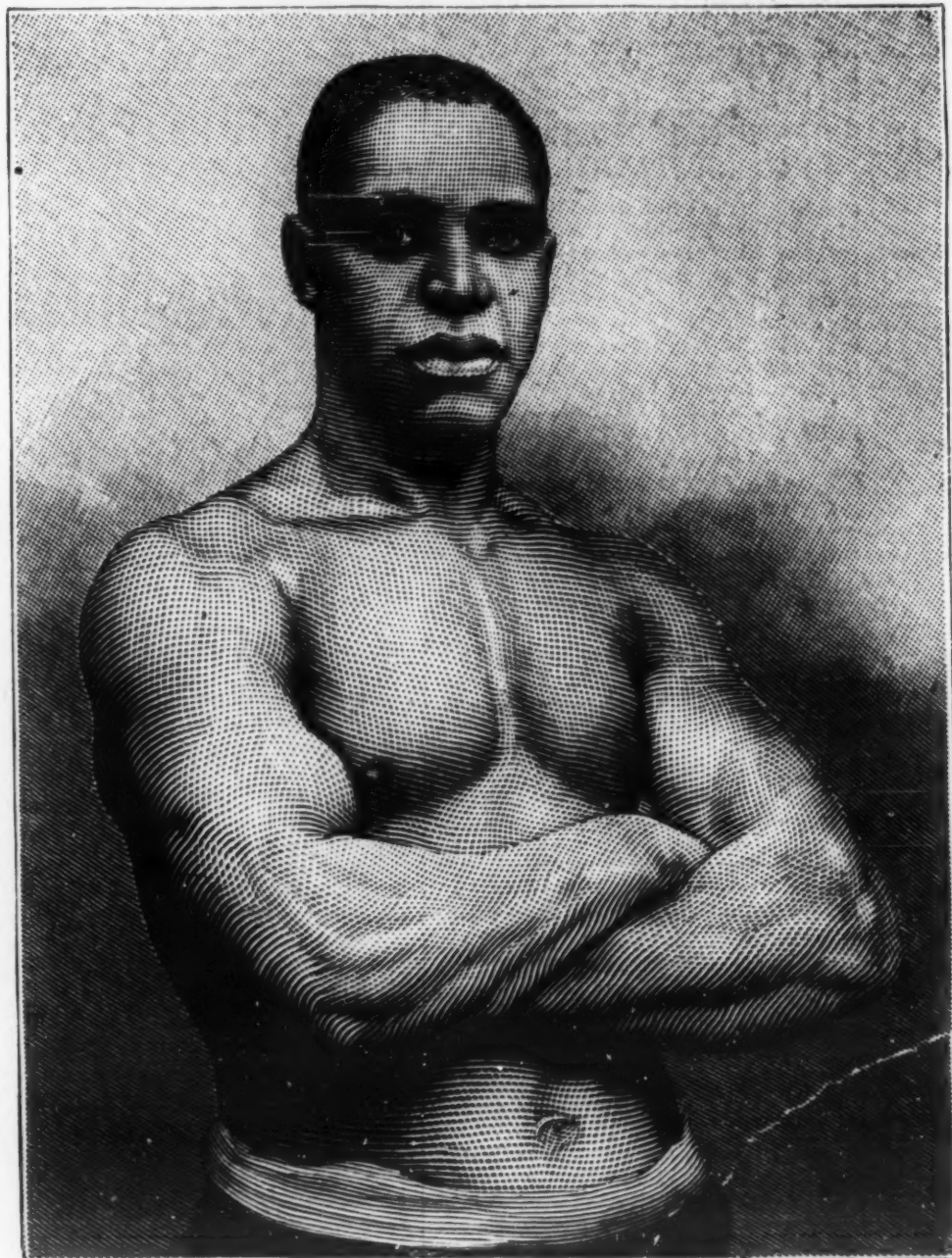
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R—Erythroxylon coca, 1/4 drachm.
Jerubabin, 1/4 drachm.
Helonias Diosa, 1/4 drachm.
Gelsemin, 8 grains.
Ext. igneas amara (alcohol), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s. Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from impotence. The recuperative powers of this restoration are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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